

LAST EDITION. MORE RACE RIOTS.

Tackett's Mills, Va., the Scene of a General Melee.

An Outbreak in Mississippi Similar to the One at Wahalak.

Conflict Between Whites and Blacks Expected Every Hour.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
FREDERICKSBURG, Va., Dec. 27.—The town is in much excitement over a report which reached here this morning of a riot at Tackett's Mills in Stafford County, Va., between a number of whites and blacks.
They gathered in a country store on Christmas afternoon, and advised say that a dispute arose between the white and colored men on questions concerning the late election.
A few of the whites and all the colored men present contended that Stafford was fairly Republican. The remaining whites held up for the Democratic party in that county.
A white man by the name of Bennett Hiffen and a colored man participated in the wrangle, and finally brought up some matter about a plough, personal to themselves, and soon got to blows.
A general riot followed, during which Hiffen, the white man, was shot and instantly killed. The negro, though badly mutilated, lived several minutes.
Many others were badly wounded in the fight, guns, sticks and rocks being freely used in the affray.
Tackett's Mills is some twenty miles from this city and about equally distant from any point of public travel. In that portion of the country the whites predominate in numbers and are Democratic in politics.
Much excitement prevails in the county over the affair, and additional trouble as to the color line is likely to follow.
The officers of the law have made efforts to restore order and arrest the guilty parties.
W. S. White, the attorney for the Commonwealth, has been sent to the scene of the riot to investigate the matter.

NOTHER RACE WAR IN MISSISSIPPI.

News of a Conflict Hourly Expected—Similar to the Wahalak Affray.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 27.—There is great excitement here over the reports from Lamar, Miss., which state that another race war is in progress there. News of a pitched battle is hourly expected.
Last evening a telegram was received in this city from Lamar, ordering the immediate shipment of twenty-five Winchester rifles to that point, the plan being to equip the white natives against an uprising of the blacks. The telegram also stated that five negroes and two whites had already fallen victims in the earliest encounter, and that the blacks were showing most determined hostility and gathering in a body from all surrounding parts of the county.
The rifles were promptly forwarded, and as Lamar is but sixty miles off, have no doubt been delivered this morning. There is wild excitement here all along the line of the Illinois and Mississippi Central road, and whites are flocking to Lamar from many points on the route.
The trouble began near Lamar in the same way as at Wahalak, by quarrel between negroes only in the presence of the whites. A man struck the first blow. A negro made use of very insulting language, and the white man promptly knocked him down. Other colored men who saw the affair sided with the negro, and would have killed the white man had not some of his friends arrived in time for a rescue.
The negroes of the whites the negroes fled the town and in a patch of woods in the outskirts called a halt and held a consultation. It was decided to send messengers to all the negroes in the vicinity, calling upon them to at once join them. The whites, hearing of this action, also began organizing, and in a short time had collected a strong force. The negroes will receive a warm reception should they decide to make a descent on the town.

BLOODED STOCK KNOCKED DOWN.

Ten Thousand-Dollar Colts and Fillies from Miller's and Kelly's Stables.

Buyers and lovers of horses were attracted to Madison Square Garden in large numbers this morning by an important sale of horses from Miller's and Kelly's stables.
Some very good prices were obtained, and the following were the principal sales:
Chestnut colt Alan Arthur, two-year-old, to J. T. Morrison for \$2,100.
Two-year-old chestnut colt G. T. Boyden, to Edward Bacon for \$10,000.
Two-year-old chestnut filly Lady Archer to a Mr. Aspinwall for \$10,000.
Thomas colt, sired by King Dan, chestnut two-year-old, to David Gordon for \$500. This sale was transferred subsequently to Walter Hawkins.
Two-year-old chestnut filly Miss Thomas to J. M. Jeffcott, for \$800.
Two-year-old bay filly Julia Doyle to D. Kahn, for \$250.

Knocked the Policeman Down.

Policeman Bartley, of the West Fortieth Street Station, Lost Edward Fitzsimmons.

772 Washington street, to move on from the corner of Thirtieth avenue and Twenty-third street at 1 o'clock this morning. Fitzsimmons did not move on, but struck the officer in the face, throwing him down. When the policeman had succeeded in tearing the uniform of the policeman to such an extent that he was unrecognizable, two other officers arrived and the belligerent was locked in Justice Field held Fitzsimmons in \$1,000 bail for trial at the Jefferson Market Police Court.

They "Swore Like Our Army in Flanders"

say he said of many sufferers from biliousness, headache, constipation, indigestion and their attendant ills. The temptation of this medicine, however, is speedily and permanently removed by the use of Dr. PIERCE'S "PEPETOGEN"—tiny, little, sugar-coated, light-brown tablets, nothing like them. One dose. Druggists.

WHERE IS CAPT. JEWETT?

HE HAS GONE OFF ON ANOTHER OF HIS "PERIODICALS."

No News of Him Received To-Day—Much Surprise Felt at His Resignation from the Brooklyn Force—He Had Said Off His Men Just Before He Disappeared—His Third Departure.

No tidings have yet been received as to the whereabouts of Police Capt. Henry L. Jewett, of the Ninth Precinct, Brooklyn, who mysteriously disappeared on Monday afternoon, after having resigned his position on the force.
His friends and relatives are anxious about him, as those who saw him last all agree that the ex-Captain was not drunk, and it is feared that he may have become temporarily insane. His disappearance is strange. He left the police station about 10 o'clock Monday morning, and as far as is known went direct to Police Headquarters.
There he saw Supt. Campbell and received a check for something like \$4,000 with which to pay the salaries of the men in his precinct.
He went to the bank and cashed the check, and then returned to the station-house, arriving there about 11.30. He then began paying off, and finished about 1.30 o'clock.
All who saw him on that day unite in saying that he did not appear as if he had been drinking or did not do anything that would be looked at as strange.
He went in his office and wrote a letter. He then put on his hat and coat and as he passed the Sergeant's desk he laid down a letter, requesting that it be sent to Supt. Campbell at once.
He then left the station-house, and nothing has since been seen or heard of him. The letter which was sent to the Superintendent was as follows:

Dec. 24, 1888.
To Hon. James D. Bell, Commissioner of Police:
I hereby resign. Respectfully,
HENRY L. JEWETT.

This was a great surprise to the Superintendent, as the Captain had said nothing at the morning conference of any intention to resign.
A message was sent to the house asking whether the Captain had gone home, and when an answer came that he had not, it dawned upon those around the Superintendent's desk that Jewett had gone off on one of his "periodicals," for this is not the first time that the Captain has put his friends in a fever of excitement over his mysterious disappearances.
About two years ago, while in command of the Tenth Precinct, he disappeared and was gone for over ten days.
Detectives were sent in search of him, and during the time he was missing the streets of Hoboken, whither he had gone from Jersey City, were in a deplorable condition.
He was taken home, and while getting over his adventure said that he thought somebody was trying to break up his family.
In fact, he was taken upon as certain that he would be dismissed, but the late Thomas Carroll, who was at that time Police Commissioner, had a soft heart, and out of sympathy restored him to the command of his precinct.
Five years ago, on Dec. 19 he resigned, after having been missing for several days. He was at that time Chief of the Central Office Squad, and when he returned, rather than face a trial he resigned.
It was not until some time afterwards that he was taken back, and on June 10, 1884, he was appointed to a vacant captaincy.
At other times he has been missing for a day or so, but nothing ever came of it.
Capt. Jewett is tall and well-built and has short gray hair. He is forty-five years old and during the time he was missing from the Third New York Volunteers. He was appointed police drill captain in 1873.
He was promoted to the position of Inspector April 1, 1882, but resigned on March 11, 1888. One month later he was taken back on the force.
During his career on the force he has been absent on five different occasions—three for neglect of duty and twice for violating rules.

WILL NOT COMMIT CHILDREN.

The City Court Judges Stand Firm in Spite of Fervid Protests.

The Ladies Deborah Nursery and the Hebrew Sheltering Guardians Society and Orphan Asylum to-day appeared by counsel before Judges McCann, McHugh, Browne, Ehrlich and McGowan, of the City Court, and protested against the resolution recently adopted by the judges by which they decided not to commit children to charitable institutions, but that such applications should be made to the police judges.
J. B. Solomon and Morris Goodhart, representing the societies, moved to vacate the order entered upon the resolution.
Fitzbridge T. Gerry, on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, supported the stand taken by the judges. He said he was prepared to prove that more than half of the children committed by the judges of the Court ought not to have been committed, and he thought the order a wise exercise of judicial power.
The judges, after hearing the arguments, concluded not to vacate the order.

Phased the Male Nurses' Examination.

Out of the seven candidates for positions as male nurses at the new training school for male nurses on East Twenty-sixth street yesterday two have been rejected—one because he was over age and the other for reasons not given.
The successful ones are Royal B. Smith, W. J. Sealey, of Ringling; W. Van Housen, of Castlekill; J. H. Bell, of Williamsburg; and A. F. Barber, of Tifton, Ga. They will serve a three-month probation, and the male nurse there will then say if they are qualified for regular appointment.

More Obstacles to a Quiet Drink.

The Excise Revision Committee to-day had a long and windy discussion on Dr. Crosby's proposition compelling saloon-keepers to keep the interior of their places open to view from the outside.
Mr. Crosby said there should be no saloons, no swinging doors, shut out the light, no glass windows to obscure the vision, and no partitions to hide away those who do not want to be seen drinking.
Two Little Misses Astray.
Mrs. Caroline Brown of 347 East Seventy-first street, found two little children crouched on her doorstep this morning. They were crying bitterly, and could only say that their father and mother had left them there. At the East Sixty-seventh street station they gave their names as Fred and Kate Dedick, aged five and four years respectively, but could give no address. The detectives could get no trace of the parents and the children were turned over to the care of Mr. Gerry's society.

IT KILLED THE BOY PATIENT.

FATAL TERMINATION OF THE MIXING UP OF PRESCRIPTIONS.

Johnny O'Connor, Aged Four Years, Dies in Fearful Agony After Taking the Wrong Medicine—Jersey City Has Another An End Sensation—An Investigation Is Now in Progress by the Coroner Physician.

Through the wrong delivery of the prescriptions in Jersey City which had been ordered by different physicians, a four-year-old boy died last night after suffering horrible agonies caused by taking medicine which had been intended for a person suffering from an entirely different disease.
William D. O'Connor lives with his wife and one child, John, at 287 Magnolia avenue, Jersey City.
Johnny was only four years old, and had been suffering for several weeks by a combination of croup and other infantile troubles.
Dr. L. G. Good, of No. 257 Tonnell avenue, was called in and has been attending him.
Yesterday afternoon the doctor called, as usual, and after examining the little fellow wrote a prescription.
It was taken to Eugene Harkness's drug store at the corner of Montgomery and Warren streets, Jersey City, to be filled.
The druggist was instructed to deliver the medicine at the house as soon as it was compounded.
About that time another prescription was sent to the drug store, with the same instructions as to being delivered.
The two prescriptions were of a widely different nature, one of them being highly poisonous.
In some unexplained manner, the bottle intended for Dr. O'Connor's patient went to the house of the O'Connors, and Dr. Good's medicine was duly received by the other sick person.
A dose of the wrong medicine was given to little Johnny O'Connor last night, and he immediately became very sick.
As the time passed he became worse, suffering untold agony. After undergoing indescribable pain, he finally succumbed, dying at last about 11 o'clock.
The O'Connors notified Dr. Good, and then the Coroner's Physician was notified.
He will hold an inquest and make a thorough investigation to determine who is responsible for the horrible catastrophe.
An EVENING WORLD reporter called at the druggist's this morning. It is one of the largest and is looked upon as the principal apothecary in Jersey City.
When questioned about the mistake the druggist declined to give any information whatever.
While The EVENING WORLD man was in the store Mrs. O'Connor came in and demanded an explanation.
The druggist declined to make any saying that an investigation would be made, and if there was any criminal responsibility in the matter, it would be revealed and brought to justice.

LAWYER COLLES PULLED UP.

A Bad Ending to His Acquaintance with Mrs. Worthman.

George W. Colles, a gray-haired lawyer, 52 years old and residing in Morristown, N. J., is locked up in the Tombs Prison, charged by Mrs. Lotta Worthman, of 448 East Seventy-second street with obtaining about \$7,000 from her and then refusing to pay up.
Mrs. Worthman claims that she has conclusive proof in receipts which she shows for the above amount.
Colles, it is said, has an unblemished reputation, and he charges that she compelled him to sign the receipts at the muzzle of a loaded revolver. His statement, as given to Justice Kelly in the Tombs Police Court, is this:
"Yes, Your Honor, these receipts are all in my handwriting. I admit that they show that I am indebted to Lotta Worthman several thousand dollars.
"But God knows I speak the truth when I say that I never received a penny from the woman in my life. Indeed, she owes me quite a considerable sum. She had me in her power and compelled me to sign down and write all these receipts as she dictated them.
"I then handed them to her and she has kept them for three years until now, and she has refused to pay me money I never obtained from her so she had me arrested.
"Oh! what a madman I must have been! I had my reputation to look after, and that is why I did nothing. The disgrace would have killed me.
"I regret now that I didn't let her kill me before I signed those receipts."
This statement was delivered in dramatic style, and the prisoner buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.
But there is another side of the case. According to Mrs. Worthman's statement to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning, Colles had lived with her off and on for three years.
"Do I look as though I needed to blackmail any one?" she asked contemptuously.
The reporter glanced around the neat, tidy parlor and then at Mrs. Worthman, who was plainly but richly dressed.
"I own this house," she continued, "and am not forced to blackmail any one to earn a living.
"Do you suppose that if I did want to do this thing that I would select a lawyer with out money to work upon?
"Not much, I can show you my bank-books and checks which are filled out in his own handwriting that I loaned him the money.
"I always thought him a trustworthy, honest fellow, until when I asked him for my money and he laughed in my face. He told me I could get it quicker by waiting on his convenience than by going to law.
"I admit I have a revolver, but he brought it up here himself one day after an attempted burglary on my house.
"He has transacted all my business. Why, he asserts that I never loaned him a cent, and he paid me \$1,500 to pay off a mortgage on his house in Morristown, N. J., and that fact, duly recorded in the County Clerk's office, will prove that I did.
"Colles swears that his statement is true. He is said to be highly connected and a regular attendant at church.
His examination will be held in the Tombs Court late this afternoon.
He failed to find bail and spent the night in a prison cell.

Scared by the Army of Witnesses.

The suit of Lawyer Morrison, ex-Secretary of the Home and Comfort Protective League, against the Rev. C. P. McCarthy and William Robinson, Chairman of the Investigation Committee of the above league, for libel was called on in Justice Casey's Court in Brooklyn this morning, but the justice, on seeing sixty-four witnesses appear for each side, adjourned the hearing.

Vice-President Lynch's Stolen Name.

Street Railroad Company, to-day had John Clough, of Laurel Hill, L. I., arrested on a charge of stealing his \$500 name from the company's stable on the night of Sept. 17. Clough was driving the horse when arrested, but said he bought it of a man for \$100. He was held for trial.

FREDDIE GEBHARD SLEPT.

AND DETECTIVE PATTERSON SAW HIS LONG-AWAITED OPPORTUNITY.

That Little Bill of \$98 for Mrs. Langtry's Louis XVI. Screen was Fifteen Months Overdue and Freddy Has Cleverly Escaped Service of the Summons—Caught at Last in His Carriage.

Freddy Gebhard is in a peck of trouble. At the ferry-house door at East Twenty-third street last evening Detective J. C. Patterson suddenly pulled open the door of the coupe wherein Mrs. Langtry and Gebhard were making their way to the Lee Avenue Opera-House, Williamsburg.
The detective stuffed a legal document into the astonished Freddy's hands as the latter was enjoying a deep, sweet sleep.
The Jersey Lily was in a similar condition, and reclining her beautiful head on the cushion.
The document was a summons issued by Lawyer John Henry Hull, of 200 Broadway, in behalf of his client, Mr. Arthur H. Lamson, manager of H. G. Dunlap's downtown store.
The detective closed the door, and by the faint, flickering light of the carriage-lamps the scene of a noble race road that he was allowed twenty days in which to explain why he should not pay \$98 to Mr. Lamson.
Until last March Mr. Lamson was Edgar S. Allison's partner in the fancy furniture anderie-aria business at 179 Fifth avenue. Mr. Lamson then retired, and in the settlement that ensued Mr. Lamson was awarded the firm's claim against Mr. Gebhard.
On Oct. 6, 1887, according to Mr. Allison, Mr. Langtry and Mr. Gebhard entered the store.
"Oh, Fred, what a beautiful screen. How I should like to present it to my friend Mrs. Baron Biker for Christmas," responded the ever-gallant Freddy, "that you have but to make a wish, and if it is in my power it shall be gratified. Of course, the screen is yours to do what you please with."
"Charge this screen and the bonbonniere on to me," he said, turning to the saleswoman.
The bonbonniere Mrs. Langtry appropriated for herself, and carried away in her own lovely hands.
The screen, a beautiful Louis XVI., Louis Martin, was left in the store until late hours in the night.
The O'Connors notified Dr. Good, and then the Coroner's Physician was notified.
He will hold an inquest and make a thorough investigation to determine who is responsible for the horrible catastrophe.
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Baseball in Havana.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
HAVANA, Cuba, via Key West, Dec. 27.—A team of American ball players arrived here Saturday and on Christmas Day defeated the Havana Club by a score of 6 to 5.
A large crowd witnessed the play. McMahon and Collins formed the American battery.

THE SIXTH'S SENATORSHIP.

Tom Grady Opposed by Citizens and Republicans.

Ex-Senator Thomas F. Grady, the United Democratic nominee for the Sixth's Senatorship, is not likely to have the big walk-over that he expected.
To-morrow the election will take place, and by 4 p. m. the fight will be decided.
The Republicans had given it out all along that they would not put a candidate in nomination.
But Mr. Grady is not more popular than the law allows, his desertion in 1884, when he stumped for Ben Butler, making him many enemies. These now claim that he was working in the interest of Mr. Blaine.
This and other reasons brought about a conference between some of the Sixth's independent citizens who made a proposition to the Republicans that if they would put up a good man for the office the Independents would support him.
So last night the Republicans nominated Mr. Charles L. Halberstadt, a lawyer at 25 Chambers street.
Mr. Halberstadt is quite popular in the Twelfth Assembly District, and his friends say he will carry the election.
An amusing feature of this little campaign is the nomination of another Mr. Thomas F. Grady, who is in the envelope business, by some of his republican friends. The nomination was probably intended as a first-class political joke.

SUNK IN THE BAY OF BISCAI.

The British Steamer Storm Queen Goes Down—Six Lives Were Lost.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS AGENCY.]
LONDON, Dec. 27.—The British steamer Storm Queen has foundered in the Bay of Biscay.
The captain and five other persons were lost.

The Philadelphia Murderer Identified.

The victim of the Philadelphia murder mystery has been identified.
Mrs. Kobler, of Hoboken, says he was George Hazleton.
Hazleton formerly boarded with her.

A Patriarch's Ball.

[Cable Letter to Philadelphia Press.]
Wherein does a Patriarch's ball differ in aspect from other well-dressed dancing occasions? Not in any essential particular. The ball-room at Delmonico's, when filled with an assemblage whose women are in fine toilets, presents a handsome spectacle. There is more than an hour of round dancing before supper is announced and then comes a scramble such as everywhere, upon all sorts of occasions, characterizes the most cultured of men and women as animals who like to eat and drink. Supper is served at small tables that are placed very unobtrusively in the restaurant, the hallways and even in the passages that lead to the public cafe. The viands are very good indeed, comprising the items usually found on a Delmonico bill of fare, beginning with oysters and soup, including several kinds of choice game, ending with ices and permeated liberally with wine. A little claret is drunk and a vast deal of champagne, the latter being opened as fast and as long as there is any demand for it.

ALL-AMERICA WINS

Anson Beaten Four Games Out of the Five Played.

Mutrie Thinks Crane Is the Man Who Does the Business.

Record of Games Played in Australia.

All-America - - - - - 4
Chicago - - - - - 1

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[SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE WORLD.]
ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, Dec. 26.—The American baseball players arrived here yesterday and to-day played a game in the presence of a big crowd.
The result was:
All-America - - - - - 19
Chicago - - - - - 14

In conversation with an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning, Manager Mutrie said: "All I care about the Australian venture is the success of Ed Crane. I know he was a great pitcher when I got him and I never had any reason to change my mind. Watch his work against Anson now. He is winning game after game and has been hit hard but once."
"You may not down that 'around-the-world' scheme as telegraphed to THE WORLD by Ward as bosh. Sailing is too much to attempt it. He will have his bill of advertising without visiting Europe, and that's all he wants. I can't understand the reports which state that Anson is jealous of Ward. I think Anson is too good a player and knows his worth too much to allow any feeling against Ward. Ward is, of course, a fine player and, under certain circumstances a good captain, but he has himself often referred to Anson as an example of a player's attitude for the world to follow. Anson is probably more over his many defeats, and perhaps in his gruff way shown it, but that he is jealous of All-America's captain because All-America wins I don't believe."
"The secret of the victories seems to be the pitching of Ed Crane."
Mike Kelly, who, by the way, says he will be high-cook-a-lorum of the Boston team next season, says: "The All-America team ought to win. Look at the Chicago battery—Baldwin and Anson. Why, Anson couldn't catch a train if he started now and had until to-morrow morning."

HAS SHE KILLED HERSELF?

SCHOONMAKER'S PARAMOUR DISAPPEARS FROM BROOKLYN.

Her Two Brothers in Town Looking for Her—The Murdered Wife's Body at the Home of a Relative—Schoonmaker's Paramour Disappears—His Gilt to Mamie Wood.

Mamie Wood, the young girl who voluntarily made public her scandalous relations with Harry Schoonmaker, the young man who shot his wife and himself at 69 Bond street, Brooklyn, last Sunday morning, has disappeared, and her relatives fear that she has committed suicide.
Two of her brothers, upon reading the published story of her disgrace yesterday morning, came from their country home, near Newburg, on the Hudson, to look after her.
They went to Mrs. Patterson's house at 262 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn, where she had been stopping, last night, only to find that she had gone, leaving no clue to her whereabouts.
They are very respectable young men, and the shame that has come upon them through their unfortunate sister has bowed them down with grief.
The girl left every little trinket she possessed behind her, except the silver chate-laine watch which Schoonmaker gave her when returning from their eventful trip to Asbury Park.
It was inscribed, "Harry, 1887," and he told her during a subsequent interview that it was given to him by a woman who would never have the laugh on him.
He also gave her a ring, she told Mrs. Patterson, with the remark:
"It was his wife's wedding ring. See how much he loves me."
She did not show the ring.
Mrs. Patterson told an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning that in case she should not be heard of to-day, detectives would be engaged to look for her. A friend of the family doubted that she had made way with herself. He said:
"I am afraid she has done something worse than committing suicide. The girl by her own confession has blasted her life and ruined her reputation. She has not the spirit to live the scandal down and make a better woman of herself. I think she will be heard of in some place of doubtful character."
Death mercifully ended the sufferings of unfortunate Mrs. Schoonmaker in the Long Island College Hospital yesterday afternoon. She was taken to her father's home at 14 Third street, as has been stated.
The reason why the father told THE EVENING WORLD reporter this morning:
"If we brought her home," he said, "I fear a mob of curious people would throw stones at her, and that would drive my women folk crazy. My poor girl's body is now in her coffin at the house of a relative here in Brooklyn."
"When will she be buried?"
"May be to-morrow, but the funeral may be deferred until Saturday. We have not yet arranged for the funeral. Some of our relatives out of town want to be present, and for that reason the funeral may not take place until Saturday," he concluded.
The body was lying in state in a dress suit, looking lovely, stood by crying bitterly.
A young girl, almost weeping, dandled the poor little fourteen-months-old baby of the Schoonmakers on her lap.
The innocent orphan crowded and clapped its little hands with delight when the reporter chuckled him under the chin.
It was the terrible tragedy that deprived him of father and mother will be kept secret. When old enough to understand he will be informed that father and mother died suddenly when he was a baby.
The body was constantly accumulating to show that Schoonmaker was a heartless scamp.
He killed his wife almost constantly of late. He claimed that he was only receiving the same kind of treatment from her. He was constantly accumulating to show that Schoonmaker was a heartless scamp.
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MUTRIE'S DOUBLY UNLUCKY HAT.

Not Even a Giant Can Bear Up Under One with 1313 for a Number.

While the rain of this morning was pouring down most heavily an EVENING WORLD reporter, from underneath a family umbrella, caught sight of James Mutrie, the well-known manager of the New York Giants.
Jim didn't have even an apology of an umbrella, and the only thing which protected his well-combed locks from the wetness of the weather was his election hat No. 1313.
James wore his two-year-old boots and was leaving the flagstones behind him with more rapidity than a greased pig. He recognized the reporter as a friend in need greeted him with "Hi there! Got any umbrellas for me?" and shortly after having been served with a half portion of "umbrella," the great "hustler" continued:
"Now, you know I'm not superstitious, but when I left home this morning the sun was in sight and it didn't look a bit like rain. I was sure, however, that I was with two thirteens for a number he needn't kick if he's drowned. I came pretty near it, and the hat probably would have been the result of it if I hadn't turned the blamed thing around and so brought you to the rescue."
And Jim gurgled out a laugh, and freeing his coat collar from another man's umbrella, he waived to give information of his departure. He was "just going to Philadelphia."
"What for?"
"Oh, nothing much; just for a little trip," and Jim began again on the weather, and Australia, and everything else except the engagement of ball-tossers for this town. When the Cortlandt street ferry was reached he sought to buy an excursion ticket with "stop-over" privileges. Not able to work that, he paid full fares and confessed to a desire to visit Princeton.
"What for?" asked the reporter.
"You promise not to print it?" cautiously queried Jim, and receiving a satisfactory answer, he put his mouth close to his questioner's ear and in a mysterious whisper said: "To buy an umbrella; thanks for yours."
With that gentle Jim disappeared.

PARSONS IS FOUND GUILTY.

The White Slave-Driver Dazed at the Result of His Trial.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 27.—The jury in the Parsons white slave case returned a verdict of guilty after being out only an hour.
Parsons, the convicted man, seemed dazed at the verdict. He will be sentenced this afternoon.

Held for Reckless Driving.

Michael Hoopner, who keeps a saloon at 46 Division street, was held in \$500 bail at the Jefferson Market Court today on a charge of reckless driving on Ninth avenue last night, he having knocked down and hurt Mrs. Catharine Flannigan, of 354 West Twenty-fifth street.

Rainy and Colder Weather.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.

Weather Indications.

For Eastern New York
—Rain; colder; winds becoming southeasterly.

The Weather To-Day.

Indicated by Blakely's thermo-barometer:
1888, 1887, 1886, 1885, 1884, 1883, 1882, 1881, 1880, 1879, 1878, 1877, 1876, 1875, 1874, 1873, 1872, 1871, 1870, 1869, 1868, 1867, 1866, 1865, 1864, 1863, 1862, 1861, 1860, 1859, 1858, 1857, 1856, 1855, 1854, 1853, 1852, 1851, 1850, 1849, 1848, 1847, 1846, 1845, 1844, 1843, 1842, 1841, 1840, 1839, 1838, 1837, 1836, 1835, 1834, 1833, 1832, 1831, 1830, 1829, 1828, 1827, 1826, 1825, 1824, 1823, 1822, 1821, 1820, 1819, 1818, 1817, 1816, 1815, 1814, 1813, 1812, 1811, 1810, 1809, 1808, 1807, 1806, 1805, 1804, 1803, 1802, 1801, 1800, 1799, 1798, 1797, 1796, 1795, 1794, 1793, 1792, 1791, 1790, 1789, 1788, 1787, 1786, 1785, 1784, 1783, 1782, 1781, 1780, 1779, 1778, 1777, 1776, 1775, 1774, 1773, 1772, 1771, 1770, 1769, 1768, 1767, 1766, 1765, 1764, 1763, 1762, 1761, 1760, 1759, 1758, 1757, 1756, 1755, 1754, 1753, 1752, 1751, 1750, 1749, 1748, 1747, 1746, 1745, 1744, 1743, 1742, 1741, 1740, 1739, 1738, 1737, 1736, 1735, 1734, 1733, 1732, 1731, 1730, 1729, 1728, 1727, 1726, 1725, 1724, 1723, 1722, 1721, 1720, 1719, 1718, 1717, 1716, 1715, 1714, 1713, 1712, 1711, 1710, 1709, 1708, 1707, 1706, 1705, 1704, 1703, 1702, 1701, 1700, 1699, 1698, 1697, 1696, 1695, 1694, 1693, 1692, 1691, 1690, 1689, 1688, 1687, 1686, 1685, 1684, 1683, 1682, 1681, 1680, 1679, 1678, 1677, 1676, 1675, 1674, 1673, 1672, 1671, 1670, 1669, 1668, 1667, 1666, 1665, 1664, 1663, 1662, 1661, 1660, 1659, 1658, 1657, 1656, 1655, 1654, 1653, 1652, 1651, 1650, 1649, 1648, 1647, 1646, 1645, 1644, 1643, 1642, 1641, 1640, 1639, 1638, 1637, 1636, 1635, 1634, 1633, 1632, 1631, 1630, 1629, 1628, 1627, 1626, 1625, 1624, 1623, 1622, 1621, 1620, 1619, 1618, 1617, 1616, 1615, 1614, 1613, 1612, 1611, 1610, 1609, 1608, 1607, 1606, 1605, 1604, 1603, 1602, 1601,